

New York May 10th Friday/46

My dear friend

if my letters are worth anything you must really give me some credit for writing them - this one at least amidst the peepit roar of anniversary trumpets and thunders and the tumult of dinner parties and fatigues of reporting and corresponding and what not. What an avalanche of flesh and blood a fire of expectation, descends upon "the metropolis" on the Anniver. week! Or perhaps I am at the focus of a tumult which is hardly heard beyond the precincts of "the Saturnale". Wall Street I know is deaf to every sound but that of war. War has come at last. "I had fondly encouraged myself to believe, Sir, shouted I Tyng at our ann. day here yesterday, that American blood was not again to be shed, nor American courage shown upon battle fields of blood, but that we were to be permitted to go forth selling without garments, clothed in blood, for the rights & truths of the gospel with spiritual enemies alone".

I confess dear David sadness - sad forebodings sometimes assail me. We have sinned and now the punishment seems coming. It is as yet only like the cloud act by our hand, but a war in which such a nation as ours is involved, at this time of the world's history, may set on fire the globe. It seems to me like a great fire that the Devil has kindled by leave of God, to throw the Bible into. I send you a few slips of our late papers in which the position of our forces are shown on the Rio Grande. -

When news came of the first encounter & call
for volunteers, there was a mighty leaping of heart I assure
you. There is something in a call of Country & arms
for defence of country — the product of habitual
& educational feelings, even when I should be
matured principles, that the old Adam feels
with a shiver of delight.

Our anxious ones are marked off by
the entrance of one new one, the Unitarian. A
N. Y. State U. Association has been formed. I
attended one of their meetings yesterday evening in
the exquisite beautiful Chapel on Broadway
New Mr Bellows preached (and he seems to be
a Christian.) It was a sort of discussion — half
a dozen, Pierpont, Dewey & Co from Boston & Buffalo
spoke to move or second resolving. I had feared
Unitarianism, because I suspected there might
be more love & light in it than I knew of. But
my fears are gone. It is — as represented there last
night — a fixed philosophical method. It is a fan-
tasy, by name "liberal Christianity" & cannot
act with success to spread Christianity, or to advantage
in assisting it, from their lack of internal

Organic strength. Not one concrete, holy,
"dear Jesus" religious thought was uttered, except
in Mr. Belton's prayer. It was all that the world
should be perpetuated, and truth in its reformed state
spread, &c. &c. - No salvation to personal souls; no
spread of the glory of Him who died; no "in the name
of thy Child Jesus"; no - anything that smacks
of Wilberforce, Bunyan, Luther or Paul.

Allah il Allah - God rules - "in Lak Lakwah
is a rock of Ages" David, and "we are in Him
that is in his son Christ Jesus" - He led to his
electing grace. My father, and to a high place
we are ~~led~~, already, & to our ovaries
our I. X. No need of singing

Oh that my wants were all supplied!

On the high places of the earth
With brow erect I'd ride, I'd ride

Into the helmets of light and worth -

We are entered - the wicket gate is behind - salvation
two walls shut in the road, and Lion before us.

I was delighted to hear your name spoken
with such warmth of affectionate respect by Baird
on the anniversary of - For Evary. - Peter.

I have been playing Cicerone to the brother
of Kensington. We got him to make a short
an witty address for you. My heart was in
my throat once, for I thought for an instant I
saw you stand off in the form of a stranger who
reads you very peculiarly from one of his sides.

Rev. David Turnbull
Talpaiaes, Chili,
Ship Xylon, S.W.

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May 46
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